ΘΡΗΝΩΔΗ:

OR,

ENGLANDS Paſſing-Bell.

by Thomas Dekker, 1613–1614

Pſal. 80: 3.

Turn us O God to thee again,
For we too long have ſwerv'd:
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And we ſhall be preſerv'd.

Quarles Eleg.

Offended Juſtice often ſtrikes by turns,
Edom *beware, for thy next neighbour burns:*

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TO THE

READER.

READER, perhaps my melancholly Quill
May dote; but let Melpom'ne *weep her fill.*
Bear with her weakneſs, grudg not at her Tears;
It ſprings not from her Envy, *but her* Fears:
She is no hired Nænia; *her moans*
Are like to purchaſe little elſe than ſtones.
Then give her leave to mourn upon theſe Rocks;
To eaſe her troubled heart to Stones *and* Stocks.
Her ſad abodings do not imprecate:
But wiſh and warn thee to anticipate:
And if there may no loyal method *be*
*Form'd to prevent thy hanging-*Deſtinie
Immure thy ſoul within thoſe gracious Arms,
That may protect thee from the Syrenes charms.

ENGLAND'S PASSING-BELL.

I Am no *Prophet*, no, nor *Prophet's Son*;
Yet dare pretend unto a *Viſion*;
Pretend, ſay I? nay, 'tis no meer pretence,
Pretences do but juggle *Conſcience*.
I pray for peace, yea, I could die for 't too
A willing *Sacrifice*, if that would do.
But what I do foreſee, I dare foretell,
God is now ringing *ENGLANDS Paſſing-Bell*.
The ſound is in mine ears, the doleful *Toul*
Strikes ſtrange amazement on my trembling Soul.
She gaſps for breath, her *Optick nerves* are crackt.
Eyes ſunk into their holes, her ſpirits rackt
On fatal *Tenters*, and her *Pulſes* beat
To her oppreſſed ſoul a faint *Retreat*.
Alas the day! theſe threatning ſymptoms call
Her *Friends* to mind her of a *Funeral*.
O thou the God of life, commiſerate
Thy fooliſh peoples ſelf-undone eſtate!
Calm all theſe *Paroxiſmes*, and allay
Thoſe mortal heats; ſo will I ever pray.
'Wake ſottiſh *Iſland!* let thy ruins teach
Thy Sons and Daughters to bewail the *Breach*.
Where are thy *Noahs*, *Daniels* and *Jobs?*
Are theſe the men, that in their linſie *Robes*
Chant their Devotions? th' Angels of the *Quire*,
Whoſe very *Noſes* threat their *ſhirts* with fire;
Whoſe *Bacchanalian* zeal's a flame they ſtole
Not from the *Altar*, but *Maonian* coal.

Are

Are theſe the men, that with their *Pipes* can do
The *Counter-wonder* on a *Jericho?*
Ah! poor bewitched Land! how long wilt be
Before thy baniſht Wits return to thee?
The *Cup* is in thine hand, hath toucht thy lips;
Thou wring'ſt thy mouth at ſome diſtaſteful ſips:
Fain would'ſt thou plead, *enough*; ay, ſo would I,
Or drink it in thy ſtead, and for thee die.
But what e're be the hopes that buoy thy mind,
Unleſs I dream, the *dreggs* are yet behind.
On whoſe unhappy heads this *Lot* ſhall fall
God knows, the wrathful *fate* doth threaten all.
Let him that thinks he's with a *Bargain* bleſt,
Know, the laſt *Nail* may double all the reſt.
There are ſome few within thee that begin
To ſmite the thigh, and to confeſs their ſin.
Others that think it ſafer to compound,
To ſhark and ſhuffle while the Cup goes round.
But if I know ought of thy conſtitution,
Or of the Products of a Revolution,
Compoſe the preſent *Frights*, and 'twill appear
The *Frogs* now quaſht will be as bold as e're.
Theſe brows of braſs, theſe *iron ſinews* may
Shine like the gold, and bend like kneaded clay,
Whilſt an hot *Furnace*, preaching to the *ſence*,
Applys the terrour of a Providence;
But once withdraw the coals, and you may ſee
Theſe *Metals* have not loſt their Propertie.
But as for *Jonas*, who's now *Tarſus* bound,
Let him remember who a *Jonas* found.
Let *Demas* know too, that his *preſent world*
Will cheat his fond *love*, when he ſhall be hurl'd
By an *Ejectment* from that dear *poſſeſſion*,
That lay in right of Heaven's *Sequeſtration*.
And *Judas* may be ſure, his treacherous *Kiſs*
Shall be repay'd with lips as foul as his.
Haman muſt alſo know, the *Gibbet*'s up;
Where *Mordecai* ſhould dine, there he may ſup.
'Twas not for lack of eyes the *Jews* were grown
So ſtrangely blind, that nought but *Babylon*

Could

Could make them ſee; nor is't for lack of eyes
I grope at noon, and fall, and cannot riſe;
But 'tis this *Babylon* the Myſtical
Hath blinded me; nay, which is worſt of all,
She is my mated *Incubus*, and hence
I'm rid by her bewitching influence.
O pity me, all ye that ever ſaw
A *Sampſon* ſnared by a *Delilah!*
Were *Moſes* here, ſure he would ſigh with me
For their dear ſakes; whoſe ſin and ſlaverie
Was once like mine: Or could I but produce
A *Jeremy*, his eye ſhould be the ſluce
To weep me out a bitter *Lamentation*,
And to condole a bleeding dying *Nation*.

With tears of blood I could ſit down and mourn
On my dear Children's moſt unhappy Urn.
Thouſands of ſprightly youth, whoſe breaſts and bones
Were richly fill'd, have breath'd their fruitleſs moans
Under that wrathful hand that did diſpenſe
The bloody arrows of the *Peſtilence*.
Sure death had never ſuch a Table ſpread
In any age, for ought we hear or read.
How greedily he fed on rich and poor,
As though he never meant to feaſt it more!
Wit, wealth, or beauty, honour, ſex or age,
Made no diſtinction in his mortal rage.
O cruel death! could not thy heart relent
At thoſe dear Infants that thy fury rent
From tender mother's breaſts! Could not their groans
Have pierc'd thy heart, that might have pierced ſtones?
Heaps upon heaps of choiceſt friends I ſaw;
Our *Glory*'s now become our *Golgotha*.
Could not the Ancients venerable Hairs,
(The ſilver *Symbole* of their age and cares)
Have aw'd thy bold attempt? or pleaded pity,
Who were the *Eyes* and *Pillars* of the City.
Nor could thy ſacrilegious hands forbear
To rob our Churches of their *Common-Prayer*.

Th'

Th' affrighted *Levite* durſt not for his head,
Appear between the *Living and the Dead.*
On him (poor *Soul!*) thou charged'ſt the extent
Of his own Law, of *five miles Baniſhment.*
O King of terrours great! how could'ſt thou quell
The ſacred vertue of his powerful *ſpell,*
Againſt thy *ſudden ſtroak?* or who ſhould care
For his forſaken *Flock,* whoſe *Fleece* they are?
Now was not this enough? but muſt it be
But the *Præludium* to thy *Tragedy?*
Whence is't, thou wert in combination found
With *Mars* and *Neptune,* for a vantage ground?
What! had poor Mortals over-matcht thee? or
Hadſt thou a *Fit* to hear the *Cannons* roar?
To toſs their ſhatter'd bones, and ſerve them in,
As carved *Meſſes,* unto *Triton*'s ſhrine?
Or was't to prove how far thy pow'r would do,
To feaſt not only *Worms,* but *Fiſhes* too?
Was ever blood ſo prodigally ſpent?
Whole *Hecatombs* ſeem'd little to preſent.
Neptune himſelf could not but bluſh to ſee
Thy greedy Altar's *Anthropophagie.*
Did not the *Paſſing-Bell* go ſad enough?
That Cannons helliſh mouths muſt ſpeak how rough
And grim a Ghoſt thou art? for this, will I
Ne're hope to bribe thee when I come to die.
O Death! what is my ſin, that ſtill I hear
Thoſe ruthful ſighings to torment my ear?
Behold the Fatherleſs and Widows eyes,
The woful *Relicts* of thy Sacrifice.
Would God, ſay they, *our deareſt blood had run*
In thoſe dear veins, from which our blood begun;
Then had we been as happy as the dead,
And ne're have pin'd for lack of daily bread.
Ah me! methink with grief and ſhame I ſee
The hoſtile rage of the proud *enemy*
Inſulting on our ſhores, who durſt not peep,
Had they not found us in ſo dead a *ſleep.*
Then might *Philiſtims* with advantage come,
When *Sampſon*'s ſhorn, and lull'd with *Opium.*

Oh!

Oh! then who could but rent his heart to ſee
Our Glory led into captivity?
Thoſe floating *Bulwarks*, and of *Royal* race,
The envy of the world, that ne're gave place
To a ſuperiour, nor could e're be mated
By thoſe of whom they were both fear'd and hated;
That like a thunder, brake the thickeſt clouds
Of bold aſſaults, and ſcatter'd all the crouds
Of martial force, that could command their way,
And daſh their foes like pots of glaſs or clay.
With what reproach and ignominious boaſts
Led they their captive *prey* to foreign coaſts!
Then farewell *Royal Charles!* yet this ſhall be
Our joy and triumph ſtill, that here is *He*
By whoſe great name th'rt call'd; let *Shadows* go,
(The *ſubſtance* being come) ſith't muſt be ſo.
Might here my ſorrows end, I'd ne're lament
As one undone; but ah! my *Fate* is bent
To rack my guilty bones, and to deviſe
New methods, that her fury may comprize
All the ſad ſtories of the Ages paſt,
As though this *ſcene* were to us both the laſt.
From *Plague* and *Sword*, my mournful eyes I roul
On that amazing mirrour, which my ſoul
So trembles to behold; my *Strength*, my *Crown*,
My *Hope*, my *Magazeen*, which now was grown
From *Troy novant*, to *Troy le grand*, is now
My *Troy l'extinct*; thus muſt the mighty bow
When God will humble them, and *lick the duſt*
When once he ſmites; for ſure this God is juſt.
But Oh! th' unhappy day that dawn'd in *Flames*,
Flames that contemned all the floods of *Thames*.
What! could no Engins art nor power prevail?
Were *Samſon*'s Foxes turned tayl to tayl?
'Twas ſome *ſtrange God*, no doubt, that ſhould require
So chargeable an *Offering* made by fire.
London and *Sodom* may ſit down together,
And now condole the *Aſhes* of each other.
For ſin they periſht both, and both by *Fire*,
But here's the odds; Efficients did conſpire

Oh!

In different methods; that from Heaven came,
This from beneath: a black and helliſh flame,
A ſpark of *Faux*'s Cell, infernal coals
Matur'd for ſervice in ſome *Stygian* holes.
How did the hungry flames devour their prey!
And lick up ſtones like ſtraw! and force their way
Through all obſtructions, Nature, Art, or Might
Had rais'd to check their deſolating flight!
With what ſtupendious terrour did they roul
From ſtreet to ſtreet, diſdaining all controul!
As though the lungs of wide-mouth'd *Æolus*
Had been in *ſacred Oath* to drive them thus!
What horrour, think you, what diſtractions then
Seiz'd on the heart of our poor Citizen!
What bitter cries, complaints and lamentations!
While ſome bewail their own loſs, ſome the *Nations!*
Some die for very grief, and others curſe
The late indulgence of a faithful *Nurſe*.
Alas! no tongue nor pen can e're expreſs
The Hurries, Hazards, and the ſad diſtreſs.
Was ever grief like mine! *Deeps call to Deeps:*
And what one Judgment ſpares, the ſecond ſweeps.
This *Scald*, I doubt, I ſhall bear in my face
Unto my *grave*, with grief and ſore diſgrace.
And now, if *Plague* and *Sword*, and *Fire* wont do
To melt the heart, and let the *captive* go;
☞ I dread the thoughts of ſome impendent *ſcourge*,
More like to be a *Poyſon* than a *Purge*.
Good God! avert whatever it may be;
Avenge not on us our Iniquitie.
Sin has gone *big*; but ah! we knew it not:
She's now in *Travel*, and her *reckonings* out;
The *fore ſprings* come, which threatens what may be
The *Birth*, if God permit *Deliverie*.
Lord ſtrangle thou the *Monſter* in the womb,
And let the *Mothers* bowels be its Tomb.

But if my wandring *Muſe* ſhould chance to fly
Within the compaſs of that *Royal eye*,

Whoſe

Whoſe very *Aſpect* gives her life or death,
And for whoſe ſake this *Die* ſhe ventureth;
She will confeſs 'tis bold to ſoar ſo high,
To trip on *Crowns*; the beams of *Majeſty*
May ſhine too hot for ſuch *Icarian* wings,
And melt the *Copper* of her feeble ſtrings.
She has no wanton nor preſtigious *Lyricks*
To fawn on Kings with flattering *Panegyricks*.
But her true loyal heart ſhe'l ne're betray,
Though ſhe can't vent it in the *Courtiers* way.
Nor will ſhe e're bethink her ſworn *Allegiance*,
Or boggle at her duty of *obedience*;
Although the *Perſians* have contriv'd their *ſnare*,
And made it *criminal* if found at *Prayer*.
Pardon, *dread Sov'raign*, if ſome rambling fit
Tranſport her honeſt zeal, and ſo commit
A ſin *Poetical*; Her *Pegaſus*
Is Saddle-gall'd, and therefore hobbles thus.
She gads eccentrick; hence it is ſhe hovers
On every Pinacle that hope diſcovers;
Under theſe gracious wings my *Dove* may find
Protection, if propitiouſly inclin'd.
I hate thoſe *Tongues*, whoſe *morſels* make them loyal,
To ſerve their *Int'reſt* on the Favour Royal.
I only wiſh their *Lips* may never ſhew
Thoſe bloody *Teeth* that juſt within them grow.
Nor that thoſe *Hooded Moths* may ever ſit
So near the *Crown* as to diſhonour it.
I'le ever pray the *King* may know his *Friends*,
And fully underſtand his *Flatterers* ends.
The Kingdom groans, although her King be come!
Why! what's the matter? ſure he's welcome home.
Alas! ſhe's ſick, and of ſome ſtrange diſeaſe,
Which neither *Kings* nor Parliaments can eaſe,
Until that God, whom th' *Athieſt* doth contemn,
Do purge the *Blood* of our *Jeruſalem*.
I'le ſay no more here, but *God ſave the King*,
From whom, or whatſoe're may miſchief bring!

And what if I let looſe my ſcribling *Fancy*,
To give a piece of her poor *Chronomancie*
Unto her *Honourable Senate*, who
If God incline their hearts, great things may do.
O Sirs! ye are our wiſe *Phyſicians*, and
Ye have the ſickeſt *Nation* now in hand
That e're had men: The firſt ſtep to a cure
Is to know the cauſe of what we do endure.
The cauſe is complicated both in *Civil*
And *Spiritual* reſpects; a twiſted evil,
Deep *Labyrinths* we're in; our ſtrong foundations
Do ſhake and tremble; diſmal Deſolations
Seem to attend us: Lord! avert this *cup*,
And let thy bloody En'mies drink it up.
Ye're our *Phyſicians*, Sirs! Oh! caſt the *ſtate*
Of your ſick *Patient*, and prevent that *Fate*
Her Enemies threaten, and her fears ſuggeſt,
And all Poſterities ſhall call you *bleſt*.
O caſt abroad your wiſe and prudent eyes,
And pity, pity *England*'s miſeries.
Let not the *Canaanite* reproach and laugh
To ſee us breaking of that *Golden ſtaff*
On our own *Shoulders*, which might elſe have been
Our Rod to rule, and reins to hold them in.
Our coſtly *Pills* indeed have purg'd the *Purſe*,
But our diſeaſe is growing worſe and worſe.
Poor *England*'s hour is come! a Trinitie
Of wreſtling *Int'reſts* in her bowels lye.
Two *Oppoſites* might happy *Union* know,
If well concenter'd in ſome *Tertio*.
Three *Contradictories* will never be
Eſpouſed in a fair conſiſtencie.
Thoſe that conſult the peace and good of *State*,
I think (as caſe ſtands) muſt accommmodate.
Sirs! pity thoſe poor *hearts* that cannot ſee
With any other eyes than thoſe that be
Their own; ſome ſqueamiſh ſtomacks turn at *Cheeſe*,
Which I won't give for all our *Coquus Fees*.
Were all confin'd to one Diſh, and no other,
You'd poyſon me with what you feed my brother.

When

When you can pare all Bodies to one ſtature,
And club the Elements into one nature,
And make all faces of the ſame complexion,
(Which will ſcarce be ev'n at the Reſurrection)
Then may you find all Conſciences agreed
In nice *Punctilio*'s, and our judgments freed
From quaint *Idea's*, which not underſtood,
Have bred us this diſſenting *Brotherhood*.
Religion is that *Primum Mobile*
Of States and Kingdoms, yea, their Int'reſts be
Mov'd in their Politick *Circungyrations*,
Upon this golden *Pole*, the ſoul of Nations.
Lord! ſo co-ordinate each gliding *Sphere*,
As that their motions may not interfere.
Two parallel lines are never like to greet,
Till *Capricorn* with ſultry *Cancer* meet.
If each would ſtoop to other, you might ſee
Our *Tabernacl's* handſome *Canopie*.
Our *Firſt* is up; where are the Builders now?
Come! ſhut the *Roof*, and let the *Rafters* bow.
Is it impoſſible ſuch ſtorms ſhould riſe
From *Hell* or *Rome*, as may convince our eyes?
Our *Walls* will tumble if they want a *Cover*;
Why! 'tis but mud, though it be varniſht over.
All ope' at top? nay, ev'ry *Thief* may enter,
And ſcale our naked *Walls*; who's mad to venture
His Life and Fortunes on ſuch *Guards*, and let
His *Jewels* hazard ſuch a *Cabinet*?
Well! in this naked caſe, I'le pray, I'le ſing
To him that is both *Walls* and *Covering*.

Alas! poor *London!* who can ſee thine *Aſhes*,
And not ſit down and ſcore thoſe angry laſhes
Thy righteous Judg hath in juſt wrath inflicted
For that whereof thou hadſt been long convicted?
Thy *Prophets* were not dumb, but thou wert deaf:
They warn'd in ſeaſon; but thy unbelief
Was warning-proof: like knotty crooked wood,
They rul'd and hew'd thee for a common good,

Until their hearts did ake, and arms did tire;
At laſt thou art condemned to the *Fire*.
Thou could'ſt out-face the frowns of *Peſtilence*.
Daring provoked Juſtice to commence
In hotter Plagues: That *Cup* is fill'd thee now,
That hath abaſht thy proud and ſhameleſs brow.
Old *Sodom* was in our young *London* found,
Yea, more than *Sodom* did in her abound,
And now if any will of *London* hear,
To *Sodom* he may go, and find her there.
In thee was found the blood of *Martyrs*, yea,
The murder'd blood of *Royal Majeſty*.
Oaths, Drunk'neſs, Luſt, and ravenous Oppreſſion,
Pride and Deceit, the ſpots of high Profeſſion.
In thee was found the woman *Jezebel*,
With thoſe infernal *Locuſts* that compell
Her *Proſelytes* to commit Fornication;
Which were ſad *Omens* of thy Deſolation.
And now, *my Daughter*, may we come to treat
With that poor *Rag* that's left? or art too great
Yet to incline thy ſtubborn ear? Remember
In *Sixty-ſix* thou hadſt a hot *September*.
He that thy *Remnant*, like a ſmoaking *Brand*,
Then ſnatcht out of the fire, with the ſame hand
Can cruſh what he hath ſav'd; nay, look thou to it,
Leſt peradventure he indeed may do it.
True *Penitentials* might have prevented
That fearful breach that's now in vain lamented.
The Buckets of thine eyes had checkt the *Flames*,
If well appli'd, 'fore all the Pow'rs of *Thames*.
But *Epimetheus* doth but aggravate
And rake the wound, by being wiſe too late.
Yet for the future, if thou wilt be wiſe,
And re-eſpouſed, thus I do adviſe.
Thine *Aſhes* ſteept in penitent tears may
Make thee a *Lie* to waſh thy ſhame away.
Thou haſt been in the ſmoak, (and waſh thou muſt);
Both in the ſmoak of *Fire*, and ſmoak of *Luſt*.
Waſh therefore, make thee clean, and thou ſhalt be
As in the days of thy Virginity.

Thy

Thy *Bricks* are fallen, wilt thou change them for
The *Hewen Stone?* and turn the *Sycomore*
Into the *Cedar?* yea, and be it ſo!
And let thine *Aſhes* to a *Phœnix* grow!
But yet I doubt, thy pregnant hopes may prove
A *Babel*'s project, unleſs God above
Unite thy *Languages*, and undertake
Both to begin, and a full end to make:
Be both thy *Builder*, and thy *Corner-ſtone*,
And raiſe thee in a *Modell* of his own.
Lord! rear thy *London*'s Walls, and purge her blood,
And let her know thou haſt chaſtiz'd for good.
Make her thy *Sion*, thine *Emanuel*'s *Land*,
And let her *Ruins be under thine hand.*

The *World* is God's great *Wheel*, his Providence
The hand that turns it; its *intelligence*,
The *Wheel*'s in motion; but the *riſing ſide*
Will ſtill purſue their *chaſe*, till they beſtride
The whole Circumference; and then beginning
To take their turn again they fall a whining;
Complain of Envy, Pride, Revenge, Oppreſſion,
Which juſt before was but their own ambition.
Rebeccah's *Twins!* we catch each others *heel*,
And ne're obſerve the *Dog* that's in the *wheel.*
Lord! ſhall we e're have wit enough to know
To poiſe our ſelves in *Æquilibrio?*
Sure God hath ſet his Miniſters for *Lights*
In a blind, giddy world; the *Rechabites*
Of an apoſtate age; but ſure I am,
There are too many of the ſeed of *Cham*,
Yet can *Canonical Adoption* lurch,
And ſo are naturaliz'd *Sons of the Church.*
The *Clergy*'s Gods inheritance; but theſe
Are *Pliny*'s Inſects, Worms that ſpoil the *Bees*,
Thoſe ſweet induſtrious creatures; *Æſop*'s Dogs,
That ſtarve the Ox, but will not touch the *Hogs.*
Whoſe bluſhing Carbuncles, and purple faces,
Are no *Crown Jewels*, nor the *Churches Graces.*

Will a debauched *Clergy* e're inveſt
Your Cauſe with an applauded Intereſt
In ſober minds? Will a ſulphureous zeal,
In things conſeſt indifferent, ever heal
Our diſmal breaches? or what! do you hope
To make us your *Peace-offring* to the *Pope?*
But I have better thoughts; yet pray take heed
Leſt you and we both offer'd be indeed.
While we contend for *ſhadows*, there are *thoſe*
That will their greedy clutches interpoſe,
And ſeize that *Morſel*, which preſerv'd, might be
The *Medium* of our Correſpondencie.
What! are we *Artick* and *Antartick?* muſt
The *Mother* ſeparate the *Babes* ſhe nurſt?
Did one womb bare us? and what! are we now
No nearer kin at all, than *I, and thou?*
Sirs! is't not bold enough to ſet your *Poſt*
By Gods? to introduce a ragged Hoſt
Of *Ceremonies*, borrowed of that *Groom*,
(For the moſt part) that keeps his *Stall* at *Rome?*
But would you back to *Egypt* ſhuffle too,
In hopes to feaſt it on their fleſh-pots? you
May chance to change your *wood* for worſer *Timber*;
Nay, there's a *Red Sea* too, as I remember,
'Twixt us and them, where *Pharoah* and his *Hoſt*
Were buri'd once: although his reſtleſs *Ghoſt*
Still haunt our ſhores, and with his *Magick* ſtrive
To ſerve his *Capias* on's, *Dead or alive.*
Are *Egypt*'s Leeks ſuch Diſhes! let me tell ye,
Their *Tale of Bricks* may chance to fill your belly!
Sirs! you that bear ſo ſtiff from *Scylla*, may
In a *Charibdis* caſt your ſelves away.
'Twill vex you ſure (yet help it while you can)
When you are plac't behind the *Veteran.*
Turn *Capuchins* then, if your guts will bear it;
Though you have won it, let your *Lord-Danes* wear it.
Your *Rubrick*, *Articles*, and *Canon-Law*,
You may ſet back with the *Apocrypha.*
Some *Mendicancy* of unbounded *Order*
May be your *Monitor*, and my *Recorder.*

Nay,

Nay, were it not for our *Faith's Great Defender*,
Whoſe prudent jealouſie hath been ſo tender
In this important caſe, they'd run us down
E're this, (for ought I know) *Miter* and *Crown*.
This piece of *Logick* I can't underſtand,
No Biſhop, if no ceremony; and
No King, if there no *Lordly Biſhop be*;
I muſt confeſs they'r Parables to me.
Nay, in the fancy of my jealous Reaſon
Its conſequence ſpeaks little leſs than *Treaſon*.
But be it ſo, I never will impeach you,
Nor yet preſume (for 'tis in vain) to teach you
What's the *concluſion* of your Syllogiſm
(If I might urge this piece of Catechiſm)
But this? *no ceremony, then no King*;
And what's a *ceremony* but a thing
So adiaph'rous, that his *Lordſhip* may
Pro libitu, impoſe or throw away?
This *Papal* Oracle in its Eſſaies
Was practically known in *Becket*'s daies.
And is the *Crown* then but a *ceremony*?
Will you believe St. *Thomas* and his *Chrony*
Who had near prov'd it once? ſhall th' *Scepter* be
But a poor *Pinacle* of a *Biſhops See*?
I dread thoſe Politicks that do adviſe
To perch the *Miter* on State-dignities!
Nay, let the *Croſiers ſtaff* and *Lawn-ſleeves* lye
Some *Orbs* beneath the *Sphere* of Majeſty.

And may I now preſume to ſpeak a word
To thoſe my *Brethren*, that are thus abhor'd?
Ye are the *Salt*, Sirs! that hath loſt its ſavour
With men, at leaſt, and therefore loſt their favour.
But like unſav'ury *Salt*, though ye are caſt,
It may be 'tis their mouths are out of taſte.
If ſo, they may come or't, when they have try'd
That *cellar* which they have ſo magnify'd.
For my part, I think yours to be the cheaper,
And far the better too, for the *Houſe-keeper*.

But ſith 'tis ſo, that out at doors you muſt,
And trampl'd on be, both by *Law* and *Luſt*,
I hope you will not murmur, but reflect,
And own that *Hand*, that doth theſe *Heels* direct.
Although your eager *ſpirits* have been fed
On thoſe *crude humours* that the times have bred,
Which have diſſolv'd your ſweet *conſiſtencies*
Into that *brine*, which now leaks at your eyes:
Yet when this *brine* is boil'd and ſcum'd, who knows
How the good *Steward* may of it diſpoſe?

Rome! Rome! thine Hour is coming though't be long;
Thy *Mattens* ſung, turn to thy *Even ſong*.
Thou ſtruggl'ſt hard to graſp within thy wings
The Churches *Dowry*, and the *Crowns* of Kings;
To brood thoſe Chickens thou didſt never hatch,
That ſo thou maiſt thy prey at pleaſure catch.
Thou croucheſt low a *Favourite* to be,
And boaſteſt highly of thy loyalty.
But yet theſe *Viſards* thou diſſembleſt with,
Are cut one inch too ſhort to hide thy teeth.
We can't forget thy love in *Eighty-eight*,
When thy kind *Viſit* caſt us on that ſtreight.
The poor *Waldenſes*, and cold *Piedmont*
Have felt thy mercy, with ſharp Comments on't.
Let *Ireland*'s Tears, and *England*'s long experience
Produce their Records of thy vow'd *Allegiance*.
Thy Sacrifices in Queen *Maries* daies;
Thy faith and ſervice prov'd ſo many waies
To her Succeſſors; *Faux*'s Loyalty
In that unparallel'd Conſpiracy;
Thy ſecret *Hit* at our late *Soveraign*'s Head,
Which at one blow ſtruck his three Kingdoms dead;
The diſmal aſhes of our City Royal;
All theſe beſpeak thee truſty, kind, and loyal.
☞ But hark! in *London*'s duſt theſe coals that reſt
May findg thy Plumes, and chance to fire thy Neſt.
Muntzer no doubt had play'd the man, if we
Had better fee'd his ſacred Fealty.

Ou:

Our happy *War*, with its triumphant feats;
Our lingring *Treaties*, and undoing cheats;
Our beggar'd ſubject, yet indebted *Prince*,
Are of your loyal hearts clear evidence.
Whole Volumes here each word doth comprehend;
More I could ſay too, had I time to ſpend.

England's a Vine, a ſowre and barren one;
Her Judgments come, God ſeems to cut her down.
Had I a *Stentor*'s lungs, I'd ſtretch them here,
To rouze thoſe ſtupified ſouls, that fear
But what they feel, whoſe *Dreams* are ſweeter to 'um
Than *Life* or *Goſpel*, till their *Dreams* undo 'um.
We have undone our ſelves; I'le ſay no more,
For 'tis not words that will our *Paths reſtore*.
'Tis ſport enough for *Gath* and *Askelon*,
To ſee our emulous zeal to carry on
Their grand deſigns, and with what art we ſpin
Our ſelves a *Halter* to be hanged in.
What! hath their *Curſue* ring'd us all to bed?
Shall they that ſtrike us thus, next ſtrike us dead?
Good God! what ails us? are we all run mad?
Is there no ſober party to be had?
O bring us ſo far to our ſelves, as we
May once devolve the care and cure on thee!
Nay, may a *Bethlem* bring us to our wits,
To *Bethlem* let us go to cure theſe *Fits*.
But let it not (as ſome would have it) be
The *Bethlem* we were in 'bout Forty-three.
I am for peace, let falſe and bloody minds
Be *Cyrus*-like, rewarded in their kinds.
But I'm condemn'd, it's like, by good and bad;
My *Muſe* is peeviſh, froward, bold and mad.
'Tis true, ſhe's apt to ſpeak her fears, but ſo
As ſhe may timely caution *Friend and Foe*.
Let none be grieved at her ſad *Preſages*,
Or think her melancholly ſpirit rages.
When times of laughter come, ſhe'l laugh with you;
And when you ſing, ſhe'l ſtrike in *conſort* too.

But oh! let not her *counſel* be her *crime*,
Though it may ſeem to you *born out of time*.
We know who 'twas that breath'd on *Iſrael*'s bones,
He that can form him *children* out of *ſtones*.
He that ſav'd *Peter* on the raging Seas
Will ſave his Church too, when and how he pleaſe.
Then be content, let Faith and Patience be
Your Life, your Refuge, and your Victorie.

The RIDDLE.

THere was a Man, (I've heard my *Grandſire* ſay)
That had two Sons that in his boſom lay:
The firſt was *Bat*, a ſober loving youth,
But through much weakneſs, very ſlow of growth;
The other *Ned* a luſty jocund child,
But that he prov'd extreamly high and wild.
Theſe grew together; *Ned* was Father's Boy;
Who knew it well, and therefore did imploy
His wits and intereſt againſt his Brother
To get his *Birth-right*: yea, ſware to his *Mother*
To be his *Guardian*, and as tender of him
As ſhe could be, who did ſo dearly love him.
So 'twas agree'd through much ado; but *Ned*
Grew proud and high, which great *Diſſentions* bred.
In ſhort, the *Houſe* fell into ſuch a flame
Of ſtrife between the *Maſter* and the *Dame*,
That all the *Neighbourhood* began to ring;
Some wept to hear it, other ſome did ſing.
Among the reſt there was one neighbour *Croſs*,
Who's alway wont to gain by others loſs.
This *Croſs* (they ſay) had an old ſervant been
Unto the *Houſe* theſe Children lived in,
But juſtly long before had been caſhier'd
For ſev'ral urgent cauſes that appear'd.
This Villain, ſeeing theſe broils thus begun,
Hopes now to reel the yarn that he had ſpun.

Works

VVorks with both *Parties*, but at ſuch a diſtance,
That neither was the neer for his aſſiſtance:
How e're it was, at length 'twas thus agreed;
Ned muſt away, and ſo the *Houſe* be freed.
Then *Croſs* with *Bat* and's *Mother* would collogue;
But they deſie him for an arrant Rogue.
Some ſay, *Had it not been for ſuch as he,*
Theſe ſparks had never fir'd the Family.
Few of his Neighbours have a good word for him;
No more but *Ned* ſwears that he doth abhor him.
Thus ſcann'd on all hands, he muſt hide his face,
And act his part by thoſe that are in place;
And ſo he did, until the Houſe did grow
Too hot for *Father*, *Ned*, and *Mother* too.
Thus *Bat* is left alone, ſhakes every limb,
For fear of what was now attending him.
By ſecret *Packets* then he did implore
His *Father*'s powerful preſence, to reſtore
His dying hopes: The *Father* mounts his ſteed,
His wings are impt with pity, joy, and ſpeed.
But with the *Father* home comes buſling *Ned*,
Calls all his own, his Mother being dead.
(Though *Bat* were promis'd, *Ned* ſhould never more
Preſume to ſet his foot within the door.)
Bat over-joy'd to ſee his *Father* come,
Rings out the Bells to bid him welcome home.
Ned makes ſome offers to capitulate;
Being forc'd thereto, but after ſome debate,
The buſ'neſs comes to this, poor *Bat* muſt be
What *Ned* will have him, nay, for ought I ſee
He'd rather that he might not be at all,
Poor love, you'l ſay, *and but this brother all.*
The *Father* being griev'd to ſee this ſtrife
Between his Children, looks him out a *Wife*
To rule the ſtubborn lads; the *Mother law*
Takes *Bat* in hand, and ſwears ſhe'l whip him raw.
The *Bed*'s prepar'd, where both theſe *Boy*'s muſt lye,
To lull them into *Uniformity.*
Ned leaps in firſt, and with him *Spot* his *Cur*,
He puts off ne're a *Rag*, *Cloak*, *Boots*, nor *Spur*.

Poor

Poor *Bat* would fain lye down too by his Brother;
He ſhuts in one foot now, and then the other;
Intreats for room, but *Ned* begins to thunder,
That if he would lye there, he muſt lye under.
Hard terms, you'l ſay, but melancholly *Bat*
(Had that been all) would ſcarce have ſtuck at that,
But through diſorders and exceſs in drink,
(Which was his life) his very skin did ſtink;
His clothes were all with *mire* and *vomit* dreſt,
That *Bat* crys out, *Sure* Ned! *th' haſt foul'd thy Neſt.*
Is this the faſhion thou intend'ſt to lye?
Thy *Dog* may like it well, but ſo can't I.
But weeps, and bids *Good night*, and looks about
For ſome dark corner, where to cry it out.
But *Ned*'s offended thus to hear him roar,
And bid's his *Mother* turn him out at door.
Now *Bat* muſt wander; yet I've heard him ſay,
That while he lives he'l do no worſe than pray
For *Father*, *Mother*, and for *Ned*, all three,
And for the reſt of his dear Family.
Where's *Croſs* this while? has he been idle? no:
He hands his ſails as every wind doth blow.
When *Ned* was come, thought he, *There's none that can*
Be ſo well ſpar'd, to be his Gentleman
As I; *by this, and one trick more, I know*
I ſhall be choſen for his Bed fellow;
Then Art ſhall fail me, if it be not ſtd,
In few days more, Croſs *is as good as* Ned.
And to this end, he firſt accuſes *Bat*
Of Frenzy, Murder, Theft, and who knows what!
Which *Ned* lik'd well; on whoſe report it was
(Some ſay) that *Bat*'s Ejectment came to paſs.
Howe're it was, it ſeems that *Ned* and *Croſs*
Were well enough agreed, though 'twere too groſs
To hold an open correſpondencie
Which might to their Deſignes deſtructive be.
Theſe *Tragedies* premis'd, *Croſs* thinks he may
Begin to ſcrape, and make ſome freſh Eſſay
To prove his loyalty; but ſome cry out,
Nay, he's a Thief; others reply, *no doubt*

But

But we may truſt him now; he has been try'd,
'Tis Bat's *the greater Thief,* Croſs *is be-ly'd.*
But moſt affirm, that *Bat*'s the honeſt man;
And *Croſs*'s cringing is but to trepan.
Theſe were ſhrewd rubs, at laſt, in the ſmooth *Run*
Of *Croſs*'s hopes; but what is thus begun
Can't linger now, for when the Ulcer's gone
Unto a rotten Suppuration,
It ſtruggles hard for vent, and ſo did this,
Reſolving to attempt it, *Hit or miſs.*
Firſt, he engag'd th' unhappy *Family*
In an unlucky brawl, with two or three
Of their malignant Neighbours; ſome ſay 'twas
The Ghoſt of an old grudg reviv'd, a maſs
Of ſcurrilous reproaches, and ſuch things
As ſoon produc'd theſe bloody *Quarrellings*;
But that which did theſe furious feuds advance
(Moſt ſay) was claim to an Inheritance.
However 'twere, *Croſs* ſerves his Intereſts here;
Nay, boaſts it too, that he had brew'd the *Beer*
Wherewith he hop'd ſhortly to entertain
Such other *Friends* as once came out of *Spain.*
Moſt of the Family were griev'd to ſee
This curſed *Villain*'s pride and treachery.
It were too ſad and tedious to tell
All thoſe defeats and miſchiefs that befell
This poor divided Houſe, how *Mogonde* fwagger'd.
And ſharkt and robb'd, till both were almoſt beggar'd;
The *Stables* plunder'd, and the *Garners* fir'd
By ſuch Accomplices as *Croſs* had hir'd.
And is't not ſtrange, that ſuch a Rogue as he
Should thus bewitch ſo brave a Family!
Well! *Ned* may know, if ever he be wiſe,
What clouds they are that thus be-night his eyes.

The Bill of Requeſt.

THere is a *Woman* (Sir) and ſhe a *Friend*
That lyes in *Travell*, and is like to end
Her own life and her *Babes* at once; her caſe
Is often ſpread before the Throne of Grace;
Her *Midwives* alſo have almoſt undone her,
And left her worſe than when they firſt began her.
'Twill coſt her bitter *Throws* (poor *Heart*) I doubt,
If ever ſhe have ſtrength to weather't out.
Your Prayers are deſir'd for ſuch an one,
That you would mind her *caſe* before the *Throne*.
Pray give this *Bill* to one that is devout
Among the *Prieſts*, if you can find him out.

ROMANZI.

'TWas when the Heaven's winged *Charioteer*
Was ſwiftly racing in his high carier
Through *Cancer*'s hot *Aſcendent*, whoſe fierce beams
Exhal'd from parched Earth thoſe ſweating ſteams
Which left her ſurface, (like a *Niobe*
Bak't to a cruſt) curſt with an *Atrophie*.
And when, beſides the Torrid Influence
Of Æſtive Rays, the dire malevolence
Of three Cœleſtial *Heroes* did conſpire
In their *Trine-aſpect*, to incenſe the fire.
That I deſcending from the lofty brow
Of a ſteep Hill, where juſt beneath did grow
A ſhady *Grove*, which the fair *Dryades*
Had lately choſen for their *Chap'l of eaſe*;
And faſt by, *Neptune* comb'd his powder'd Locks
In the courſe teeth of ſharp and craggy Rocks.
I heard (methought) the ſighs of deep deſpair
From off the *Grove*, refract the gentle air.
At theſe ſtrange *Eccho's* being mov'd, I ſtood
Amuz'd a while, at length drew to the *Wood*;

Where

Where the firſt words that met my ear, were theſe,
After a ſigh: *Ay! they do what they pleaſe!*
Would ever men, that were not worſe than mad,
(Yea, mauger all thoſe cautions *we have had)*
Have done as we have done? but 'tis too late,
Now that the ſteed is gone, to ſhut the Gate.
To whom reply'd another, with an Oath,
Nay now, no doubt, but we ſhall thrive forſooth!
Our En'mies we have thrice quite overthrown,
And forc't their mourning Widows to atone
Our Grace *and* Favour; *men could ne're have done*
More bravely, and have won what we have won.
Old Noll *the* Tyrant *would have gnaſht to ſee*
The rich ſucceſſes of his Enemy
In his old Field, *recounting what it coſt him,*
To do what we have done; yea, what it loſt him
In not improving what his Tyrannie
Had gain'd, when he had brought them on the knee.
But what! we could not chuſe but proſper thus,
While God and man did ſo encourage us.
Indeed the Oracle ſpake plain, methought,
But that we deem'd it as a thing of nought,
An accident in London's *firſt Oblation,*
Whoſe Gifts and whoſe Devotions acceptation
Was witneſſed by fire; I think ſhe may
Expound the Omen *now without a Key.*
Proviſions we had ſtore, but wiſely cookt;
Great wages too, but that 'tis moſt on't bookt.
Such care our Commiſſaries *had, it's ſed*
Our very Powder-casks were ballaſted.
In ſhort, moſt honeſtly 'twas rigg'd and man'd,
Like to go through what e're we took in hand.
Well, well, Marinus! ſaid the other, *you*
Can jeſt it out, as you are wont to do.
Jeſt! ſaid Marinus, *could I get my Pay,*
It were a jeſt indeed, the merrieſt day
That I, or my poor wife and babes have ſeen
Since the firſt hour that we divorc't have been.
I would redeem their Pledg, *and ſet them free*
From thy contentious, Pariſh-charitie.

The other griev'd to hear this well known ſtory,
Breaks this Diſcourſe: *Where's then*, ſays he, *the glory*
Of your great Victories? The glory, ſaid *Marinus*;
Nay, you may ſee, when thoſe that undermine us
Have done their ſhuffle *and begin to* cut,
Into whoſe hands the Maſter-Trumps *are ſhut.*
There's nothing vext me more than this, that we
Muſt thus adventure Life and Liberty
To take a Prize, *which then muſt be conducted*
By us their Convoys, *as they were inſtructed.*
——— *Take you* Monſieurs! *muſt our Victʼry make*
Courtiers *of you, and us* ſlaves *for your ſake?*
Is this the way to raiſe our Countrey credit?
And to eternalize his fame that did it!
Hold! ſaid the other, *now you ſeem to rage;*
Paſſion can hardly keep due Equipage.
Paſſion! quoth he, *I take him for an Aſs,*
Or for an Angel, *that in ſuch a caſe*
Can rule his Paſſions; but Ile ſay no more,
Sith I can't ſay but what was known before.
The other whom by his diſcourſe I take
To be a Country-man, reply did make:
It is obſerv'd, ſaid he, *though but by few,*
We never thriv'd ſince that Black Bartholomew;
Then pluckt we out our Eyes, *and thought to ſee*
By a Canonical Ophthalmiſtry.
But now we'r into Ditch, w o ever't were
That led us thus: but hark! methink I hear
The Pixie *laugh; but we ſhall cry (I doubt,*
Or ſomething worſe) before we ſcramble out.
Ho! ſaid *Marinus, if it be but ſo,*
Turn ſomething in and out, and that will do.
Turn ſomething in and out! ſaid th' other, *ay,*
Were that but done, we might hit out the way.
But how ſhall this be done? Be done? ſaid he,
Why! 'tis half done already! Out *there be*
Coats turn'd enough; might they again turn In
Body and ſleeve, our hopes might here begin.
What hath this beetle brow'd ſuſpicion ſpy'd
In them or theirs, it's ſtill ſo evil ey'd?

Since

Since that moſt black and dreadful day of Bats,
That pip't our Fathers off to bring theſe Rats?
That's not the buſineſs, ſaid the Country-man,
There's ſtill a jealous head, though nothing can
Be prov'd; I doubt, from that kind Principle,
On which Cain *on his righteous Brother fell:*
They muſt be Lords, *and rule like* Kings; *but not*
By Canon Law, *but by their* Cannon-ſhot.
But what! let theſe alone, a few years more
May this mad Prieſthood *to their wits reſtore.*
But there's a cloud *which hath been gathering*
About theſe ſix years; if it chance to wring
It ſelf upon our ſhores, our caſe may be
The parallel of a ſad Germanie.
Beſides thoſe home-bred vipers *which we hug*
In our own breaſts, where they have drawn the Dug
So dry, that now they draw our very blood:
And here's the curſe; it is not underſtood.
Not that we do bethink our Sov'raign Lord
The utmoſt that our Lands *or* Lives *afford.*
But when our Plough-ſhares *muſt perverted be*
Into Stilletoes *for an* Enemie:
This makes me fret, and wiſh my limber goad
(In a juſt call) might do as Shamgar's *did.*
Our Senators *(they ſay) are in a maze;*
They ſtare on us, and we on them do gaze.
But 'tis no wonder; 'twas once ſo with Saul;
We fight with God, and therefore needs muſt fall.
Our Foes *are greedy, early, ſtrong and wiſe,*
They're on their way, e're we can find our Eyes.
Our Eyes are lockt up in a Pix (they ſay)
Where 'twill be hard to get without the Key.
Lord help us! Sir *our Story's like to be*
Our poor Poſterities *diſmal Tragedy.*
Thus we ſit here, and in complaining ſpend
Our wretched Hours and Thoughts, and to what
E N D?

The ECCHO.

Eccho.

THine *Houſe* is foul; Lord, wilt thou ſweep? Weep.
We weep; Lord ſweep; But with what *Broom?* *Rome.*
Faſt then, and throw the *Shrub* away. Ay.

The POSTSCRIPT.

READER! 'tis now almoſt ſix years twice told
My Muſe conceiv'd; ſo that this *Brat*'s born old,
Yet even then it had *Nativity*;
But ever ſince hath miſt *Epiphany*;
I took it for *ſtill born*, and buried it,
As ſmother'd by an *Epileptick* fit.
But ſince that time, it ſeems its *Ghoſt* hath walkt;
And with ſome *Friends* familiarly talkt.
I do not know whereof it might complain;
But this they ſay, they'l dig it up again
In hopes to make the *Bones* and *Duſt* to ſpeak,
Which ſo long lay in ſilence, and to break
The nap of this poor *Dormouſe*. I confeſs
It's not grown out of ſeaſon, more or leſs;
Much of what then did look like *Propheſie*,
Late actions have turn'd into *Hiſtory*.
So that to read aright, thou muſt begin
Eleven years back, and think how things were then.
Yet ſome things here thou'lt find, which I have reaſon
Enough to think will ne're be out of ſeaſon.
And once more may I ſpeak but what I think,
You'l find the bittereſt cup is yet to drink.
The *Ball* is up, by that the *Game* is out,
Thoſe that ſurvive will wiſh for death, I doubt:
When that curſt *Fox* that's now unkennel'd ſhall
Turn head againſt the *Chaſe*; we ſtand or fall.
Ah me! methinks I ſee the bloody Field;
But here's my comfort; Heaven is my ſhield.
I ſmell the *Battel*, and you'l ſhortly ſee
How you are juggl'd to your *Deſtinie*.

When God ſhall heal the ſickneſs of this Nation,
And purge her *Blood* by an Evacuation,
Yea, when our veins ſhall weep their fountains dry,
And ſhed thoſe crimſon Tears, which from the eye
Might have been better ſpar'd; then ſhall we know
With what a God *England* hath had *to do*.

F I N I S.